took my breath away—but it was delicious.
Twice—thrice on different horses we were
sent around that morning, and I had a mere
bagatelle of a time in getting along with a

big rangy specimen, against whom the trainers warned me, saying he was vicious and a "bolter"—but he ran like a streak. Of course, I wanted to know how my

riding had impressed the experts. There was still time to get out of the thing if my

was still time to get out of the thing if my cavalry seat was going to make a guy of me; so, after dismounting, I asked General Westmore for his advice. His answer was that he was ready to make his bets. Next the old trainer whose horses I had been trying said quietly: "I didn't want to allow the use of my horses for this race, but if you'll ride one of mine I'll get first

IN DOUBT.

Still I doubted. I found among my Northern acquaintances and among com-rades on the staff (none of whom had been

at West Point for many a long year) perfect

willingness to bet anything I wouldn't win that race. On the other hand, the turf men

who were regularly out at the track at the sunrise gallous, and the officers of the club to whom I laughingly spoke of the matter, all expressed a wish to meet these doubting

friends. It would not do to be the cause of

putting them up to losing their money, so I

practice, it is easy for a man to watch the style and work of fellows who come along

side. Stuart, the little Englishman, was the first of the five whom I had a good chance of seeing, and he was a very trim, businesslike, thoroughgoing rider. "A vast improvement on Lord W—dk—s," said Westmore and others on the judge's stand

who were watching him as he came flying down the homestretch straight as horse could run. The young Lord referred to had been over a year or two before and had, so they said, "ridden all over his horse."

Roschlecher, also, was a pretty rider though

too high in the stirrups to suit me, and more than once I thought that the coach whom he

had employed—a jockey with a beautiful seat and hand but a shady record—Crenne-

ville. I only saw in saddle twice before the

race, and both times it struck me he was "too much in the air." Hearing a Mobile

"Well—if that horse should suddenly shy or swerve he wouldn't be on him," was the answer that occurred to me, but I said noth-

ing at the moment. The next morning his

headlong. These three gentlemen had their coaches or trainers with them a great deal, but after the first day I preferred to allow

THE MOUNTS.

orse did shy and the Austrian was thrown

on him at all "

no one to touch my horse.

assigned us were as tollows:

ing Templar.
To England—The brown filly Rapidita.

seen him win two races, making time that old Templar with my weight couldn't

touch, and the very day before our race came off he justified my faith in him and

sent my heart further down in my boots by

winning the two-mile heat under the eves of

the people who were to watch his struggle for the "International" on the morrow.

THE WEIGHTS.

The chestnut colt Tom Aiken was another

flyer. He had a record, under 90 pounds, of making his mile on the Metaire in 1:48—

not repeat that performance under Crenneville, who was to scale 123 pounds

when he came to the post, he ought, even

with that weight, to brush close on Nathan

pretty racers and under normal weights

would have run right away from Templar.

but we amateur jockeys could not be made to ride the weightsof the professionals—who

are mere skin, sinew, stunt and bone—and all things considered it was as fair an as-

signment as could be made with the means

But the stablemen and experts said Temp-

lar and I "got along together firstrate." I had taken a fancy to him and he was ac-

corded to me. . Then came the announcement of the

weights. That meant with his saddle, and in full jockey dress, each rider must scale at

mounting as follows: King, 148; Rosenlecher, 135; Stuart, 133;

Ross, 130, and de Crenneville, 128. To reach his weight, the latter had to carry a three

And thus were the long preliminaries set-

tled. The story of the race isself will take another chapter—but not so long a one. CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

A Whole Mountain of the Queer Substance

in North Carolina.

There lay this morning on the desk of Mr

Samuel Hodgkins, acting chief clerk of the

War Department, a stone wrapped in

brown paper. It weighed about a pound,

and was perhaps 18 inches in length, 234 in

width, and one-third of an inch thick. The

texture of the stone was fine and presented

no evidence of stratification, and was

smooth over the entire surface. A knife

and forth with a dull, muffled sound. The

movement was more of a laxity in the ad-

hesion apparently than an elasticity. When held horizontally by one end the other would drop and remain in that posi-

tion. With the two ends supported on rests, the free center could be pressed half an inch below the middle line. With one end firm-

ly on the desk the other could be bent up-ward over an inch. The movement was not confined to the one direction—in the plane

all over the field. I saw him.

pound weight.

Washington Star.]

eprecated betting in any way. But even while tending strictly to hisown

money.

natural temper will permit you. Some people are born peaceable; some are born anything but peaceable. That was not what St. Paul was thinking of. The emphasis is altogether on the word "you;" "as much as lieth in you;" so far as you are concerned, keep peace. Others may attempt to break peace with you, but your responsibility is with yourself; so far as the matter lies with you, be others men of peace or men of violence, never mind; it is your part to keep the peace.

The fact is that self is at the bottom of

most quarrels. You may go to either party in a dispute—it matters not which one—and say: "See here, my friend; you are the one to blame. If you will only do what lieth in

you, this unhappy m tter will end."

And so, St. Paul, with this large fact about human nature in his mind, sets down several helpful rules. Anybody who follows them will be both peaceful and peacemaking of the right sort.

"Be not wise in your own conceits." That is the first rule, and it touches the very

heart of a majority of all misunderstanding. Do not allow yourself to imagine that in your difference with your friend the fault is all on the other side. We look on at other

people's quarrels, and we observe that the blame is always pretty evenly divided. We see, quite plainly, that if either side would

act with entire unselfishness all the trouble

the peace.

THE HERMIT KINGDOM

An Exciting but Solitary Horseback Ride Across Korea

WITH A PONY LOAD OF HARD CASH.

Into the Tiger-Infested Mountains by Torchlight.

THE RECEPTION AT THE MONASTERY



UT three or four Europeans have the trip. The Korean the Korean Minister at Tokyo persistently to Seoul for one for

me, although pressed oy the British Charge to do so. As soon as the Takachiho reached Gensan I said good-bye to my very pleasant quarters, and went on shore, where through the glass I could see the pomes already waiting. A Korean pony is a small, shaggy, scraggy creature, but you never like him less than when you first set eyes on him, and before I had gone far with these I learned that many virtues were concealed in their little brown bodies. Four ponies and six men were at the landing, the latter being three grooms, two soldiers and an interpreter. One pony was for me to ride; upon the second were strapped my bag, canvas hold-all containing strapped my bag, canvas hold-all containing rug and sleeping arrangement, camera, and gun; the third was burdened with two boxes a precipice of considerable depth yawned a of provisions and a dozen bottles of mineral water, for it is necessary to carry with you absolutely everything you need to eat or drink here; while the fourth pony had all he could do to transport the money for current

A LOAD OF CASH.

expenses.

This sounds no doubt as if I were travel-ing like a second Jay Gould; alas, far from it! The pony only carried about 20 Maxiit! The pony only carried about 20 Mexi-can dollars, 23. The only Korean currency, owever, consists of miserably made copper, iron and bronze coins, called "cash" English, and sapek or sek in Korean, about the size and weight of an English penny, with a square hole in the middle by which they are strung on plaited straw in lots of subdivided by knots into hundreds. Hence the expression "a string of eash." In Gensan the rate of exchange when I left was 660 cash to a Mexican dollar, and the

pony carries about 15,000 of them.
The personnel of my little caravan is decidedly curious, but not very impressive. The grooms, called mapou, are good-natured grinning creatures, low down in the social scale, dressed in extremely dirty white cotton robes and tronsers, with straw sandals and battered old wire hats, or none. The soldiers, called kisiou, are tall, well-built fellows, distinguished from civilians by a broad-brimmed hat of heavy black felt, with a scarlet tult trailing behind, and a coat of rough blue cotton, shaped exactly like the exaggerated dress coat, reaching to the heels, that one sees in a burlesque on the Gaiety stage. They carry no weapons but a long staff, and they appeared amused when I asked where, since they were soldiers,

of my interpreter I stand somewhat in awe. He is a tall, really handsome man, with a striking resemblance to the Speaker with a striking resemblance to the Speaker of the House of Commons, dressed in spotless white, topped by a monumental black pot-hat made of weven horsehaft, and with nothing undignified about him but his name, which is I Cha Sam. It was impossible to get a Korean, who knew any English, even a little 'pidgin,' so I had to be content with speaks Japanese. My only communication with the outside world for the next week will therefore be in that staccato tongue. Our respective vocabularies have proved adequate so far, but from his preternatural silence and solemnity the sad suspicion is growing in my mind that his knowledge of Japanese is on a par with my

TRAVELING EXPENSES. The bill of expenses furnished me is as

thorses, at 5,000 cash... and back.... " (tips) to soldiers and in-

Total, 28,200 cash, say 43 Mexican dollars, plus traveling expenses and food. The price of the horses includes grooms. I suppose everybody knows that a Mexican, when it is not counterfeit, which it generally is, is worth about two-thirds of a gold dollar, 75 cents, or 3 shillings and 2 pence. The cash, by the way, miserable, battered, verdigriscovered coins of which ten go to a cent, have actually been debased by the Korean Governmen for illicit profit, while they bear on them such gracious inscriptions as "Used for Public Benfit," and "Enrich the Peo-

The journey overland from the East coast to the capital generally occupies five days, at the rate of something over 30 miles a day. Thirty-five miles from Gensan, however, north of the overland road, is the great Korean monastery of An-pien (spelled Anbyan on Petermann's map), which I was seriously assured was the only interesting place in all Korea. So I determined to los day and visit this, all the more as Captain Walker, of the Takachiho, experienced navigator, eager sportsman, delightful companion, and one of the most popular mer in this part of the East, promised me his company so far. We pushed on fast through the filthy lanes and among the squalling pigs of the native town of Gensan, and we should have been here before dusk except for two unforseen incidents. One was that an hour after starting the mapou leading the money-pony, upon which had been temporarily placed also Captain Walker's blankets and his provisions for two days, let it escape and we had the ex-citing spectacle of all the provisions being dashed and scattered in all directions as it galloped wildly across the rice-fields. The money and one blanket we recovered, as the former was securely sewed up in strong sacking, but of the provisions not a vestige

DUCK HUNTING. The second incident was that half way to the monastery we passed through a valley of paddy-fields a mile square, where the wild ducks were flying in thousands. The captain looked at them wistfully for a while as he jogged on, and I eyed him with anxiety, for I knew the danger of his dragging his anchors. Sure enough, in a few minutes he remarked casually, "I think I'll just take one shot at those ducks." In vain I expostulated, positing out that it was very ite, that the road ahead was known to be very bad, that the gates of the monaster were shut at sunset, and many more excel lent reasons for hurrying. I had not half finished, however, when he was 100 yards nto the rice, and before he had taken a dozen steps more a lot of big rice-ducks arose almost at his feet, and bang, bang, and he got three of them. Of course, it was iseless to attempt to stop him after that, so went a quarter of a mile further, sent the aggage ponies on, and sat down a little away, while I got a few stranglers, and by and by he reappeared, followed by a Korean boy staggering along under a load of feathers. I looked reproaches at him, but who could utter them? As it happened the

delay gave as a remarkable experience. The red shades of evening were now appearing, and for the next two hours we jogged along at our best speed. When it was quite dark we reached a little Korean inn, where our grooms had already aroused

everybody. Out of a house of apparently two rooms 20 white-robed travelers, turned out and squatted in a row, like tired ghosts, to stare at us. Our men were all for stopping—the road ahead was very steep, the woods through which it passed were in-fested with tigers, the ponies were tired, the monastery would be closed for the night, etc., etc. But we looked at those two rooms and those 20 travelers, and hardened our

hearts.

SCARING TIGERS. Then the soldiers, seeing that we were de termined, rose to the occasion. One of them shouted to the innkeeper to turn out and shouted to the innkeeper to turn out and bring torches to light us, and his manner, I remarked with interest, was peremptory. The innkeeper demurred in a high tone of voice, when without another word this ex-

cellent kisson took one step toward him, and whack! with a tremendous slap in the face sent him staggering across the road. The suddenness of the blow took me fairly erossed Korea, and aback, but nobody seemed in the least surnothing, unless in a prised or annoyed, and the innkeeper ap-

Consular report, has been written about been written about We left the road at right angles, and 50 vards from the inn we plunged into the authorities discour-age travelers, and woods and began a steep ascent along a nar-row stone path. Then a curious thing happened. As soon as our last pony was out of sight, a simultaneous and blood curdling howl arose from the 20 travelers behind us, declined to give me and was prolonged with a series of yah! yah! a passport or to apply yah! till the hills echoed again, and when it yah! till the hills echoed again, and when it ceased, our six men similarly exploded, each one putting his back into the yell, till it rivalled the notes of a Chicago mocking bird. The travelers howled again and our men answered, and so on till we could no longer hear the former. "What on earth is the matter?" we asked I Cha Sam. "To keep the tigers away!" he replied. The esptain put two cartridges of duck shot into his gun, and I stranged my revolver outside

his gun, and I strapped my revolver outside my thick riding roat, but if the noise was half as disagreeable to a prowling tiger as it was to us, no wonder he avoided our company, for anything so ingeniously ear spliting as the sounds our men kept up at intervals of three or four minutes for an hour and a half I never heard.

Meanwhile the road ascended rapidly and

the stony path grew narrower till at last we yard or two to our left, then we were struggling up a stone-heap on to a plateau where half a dozen miserable houses formed a village. No European horse could have made 100 yards of the road, yet our ponies stepped doggedly over everything, never stumbling, and catching themselves again instantly if they fell. We soon learned that the less attempt we made to guide them the safer we were. Before leaving Gensan, Commissioner Creah had said, "It you don't need the sol-diers as an escort, you'll find them very useful in other respects." And I soon learned

LEVYING LIGHTS.

The theory of Korean Government is that the people exist for the officials. And as I had this escort I was traveling as an official, and therefore entitled to demand any services from the people to speed me on my way. The night was pitch dark, and with-out torches we could not have gone a yard. Therefore the soldiers levied lights from the people. As soon as they spied a hovel ahead they shouted a couple of words, the man carrying the torch helping lustily. I found later the words were simply Poul k'ira, "Bring out fire!" and no matter how late the hour, how bad the weather, how far to the next house—no matter even though the sole inhabitant was an old woman or a child, the torch of pine wood or dried millet stalks bound together must be produced instantly, the guide must hold it flaming in his hand when we reach his door, and woe betide the unlucky being that keeps Korean officialdom waiting, if it be only for half a minute. Sometimes the stage to the next house was two or three miles, sometimes it was only a couple of hundred yards, but there are no

exemptions to this fire conscription.

Our goal announced itself long before-

They were opened after a little parley, and we found ourselves in a small courtyard, and surrounded by a score of young priests, apparently delighted to see us. We hastily unpacked our rugs, a brazier was brought, we boiled the kettle, plucked and cooked one of the birds we had shot, and then, while the monks sat round us in a laughing, chattering circle, we supped mag-nificently off broiled duck, hard tack and marmalade, washed down by many basins of tea. (Nobody but a traveler knows the real value of tea). At midnight we were shown to a clean paper-windowed room aboutsix feet square, and turned in on the floor. And when the morning came it 4,000 showed us how strange and romantic a place we had reached—one of the most striking and picturesque of the unknown corners of the world. But I must defer an account of it till my next letter. For I have not even seen it properly yet, and my diary is blank ahead.

A CONFIDING STRANGER.

He Willingly Lends \$25 to a Man Whom He Never Met Before.

"I had an amusing experience last week," remarked a man well known about town to a DISPATCH reporter. "I was walking leisurely down Fifth avenue when I was accosted by a well-dressed man, who held out his hand, and in the most cordial way, called me 'Charley' and asked after my health.

"I didn't know the fellow from Adam and hadn't the remotest recollection of ever having seen him before. My first thought was that he was probably a bunko sharp. As I had never had any experience with that class I determined to humor him, and see ho w far he would carry his little game. So I answered his questions pleasantly, and among other things asked him where he was located now. He pulled a card from his pocket and handed it to me, remarking that he had moved since he saw me last, at the same time giving me a cordial invitation to call at his place of business.

"'Come right along now,' he said, 'if you haven't anything else to do. There's a lot of things I want to talk to you about.' "These words only strengthened the im-pression I had at at first—the stranger was certainly trying to put up a job on me. Pleading other business I asked to be excused. He then invited me to have a drink and I assented. We went into a saloon and while the beverage was being prepared the

unknown asked me.
"'How's business?'"
"'Only so so,'" I replied. "'The fact is

decided that if a confidence game was con-templated two could play at it. Well, you can judge of my surprise when he pulled out his pocket book and handed me the amount named, telling me not to trouble about returning it until it was perfectly convenient This clearly convinced me that the man had mistaken me for some one else, and thinking I had carried the joke quite far enough, I handed back the money and asked him if

he knew my name. That's an absurd question from a man with whom I've been acquainted for 15 years. Your name is Charley—, if you haven't had it changed.
"'It's nothing of the sort,' said I, 'and it

hasn't been changed either.' I handed him my card and it was his turn to be surprised. Then I explained what my suspicions had been, and we had another drink and a hearty laugh over the matter. It was the nost remarkable case of mistaken identity that I ever beard of."

IP you want to be fooled, buy humbugs-I you wish to be cured use Salvation Oil.

If health and beauty you'd maintain,
And keep your breath a perfect charm
Use Sozodont with might and main;
For it alone prevents the harm
That mars a woman's teeth and breath

A FAMOUS STRUGGLE.

Capt. King Tells the First Chapter of the Stirring Story of

THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL RACE

For Gentlemen Riders at New Orleans on the Metairie Track.

TWO YOUNG NOBLEMEN IN THE SADDLE

OU say that an instance wherein the West Paire fit a man to ride successfully against experts of the turf would be of interest. That would imply an atom of doubt on the part of

some of your readers as to the justice of the claim made by Mr. Roesevelt and tacitly indorsed by myself in previous articles. This is no surprise. I expected it now, and encountered it 15 years ago. A man whom had known in New York, and whom I next met at the beautiful old Metairie race course in New Orleans, came briskly forward one April morning in '72 and laughingly said: "You won't mind, I hope; I've bet my money against you. You may be a good cavalry rider, but-these-why, they're all experts.

Now I shall have to tell the whole story, despite its being a personal affair; but if it serve to illustrate the principle referred towell and good.

THREW DOWN THE GAUNTLET. It was just before the spring meeting of the Metairie Jockey Club of New Orleanssomewhere toward the end of March, 1872and a great concourse of prominent horsemen from all ever the country was rapidly assembling. It was destined to be the final meeting on the finest course in the South. and the directors were eager to go out in a blaze of glory. The stables of Buford and Swigert, of Kentucky, and Sanford, of New Jersey, were among the most notable on the ground, but every Southern stable of any consequence was represented. Ex-Governor Paul O. Hebert was then President of the Metairie; Generals Beauregard and West-more were among its leading spirits; Law-rence Barrett sported its colors as an honored guest; so did Manton Marble, of the New York World, then spending a month at the old Hotel St. Louis. LeGrand B. Cannon, of New York, was a daily visi-tor to look at the "preliminary canters;" Cuthbert Slocomb, of New Orleans, was an enthusiastic member, and the invaluable Billy Connor was then one of the prominent track officers. It is the season of the year, too, when the quaint old city is crowd-ed with tourists from the North, and this spring of '72 was the gayest that had opened

Among the daily visitors at the club were two young foreigners, Monsieur George Rosenlecher, of France, and Count Victor Crenneville, of Austria, both light cavalry officers in their own countries; both prac-ticed riders in many a race at Longchamps, Baden Baden and Vienna; both had brough with them their gorgeous silken "casaques" (jockey shirts) and complete race rig; both frequently exhibited photographs taken in their beautiful jockey dress, and both were eager at the coming meeting to ride a race against any American gentleman who could be induced to "pick up the gauntlet." For some time there were no takers. Then they offered to "allow seven pounds" to any gentlemen who would ride against them, i. e., carry seven pounds dead weight on their race saddles-a heavy penalty. Still no takers, and then there began to be some

talk. THE CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.

Just then I got back from duty on which and reporting to General Emory, on who staff I was serving as aid-de-camp, spent the evening with him at the St. Louis Hotel, where all these prominent Metairie men happened to be gathered. Almost the first thing said to me was by Governor Heber: "Why won't you ride against these foreign cavalrymen?" And in this way I first heard of the challenge. Little by little the whole story came out, and turning to my chief-himself an enthusiastic old cavalry officer and horseman-I asked him if he thought I'd do. His answer was of such character that the matter was settled then and there. An American was found to ride Austria, and though New Orleans society at that day would doubtless have preferred somebody other than a Yankee officer, still —that was better than nobody. Then as the papers began to take the matter up, and interest increased, some Englishmen came forward and said a young countryman of theirs was in town and had with him the jockey dress in which he had ridden many a gentleman's race abroad. He would gladly ride for the Royals. Then in another day Ireland added her champion in a tall, slender young trooper—a capital fellow he proved to be, and all of a sudden it had be-

AN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIR.

By the terms of the race it was to be nown as the International Race for Gentlemen Riders. A dash of a mile and 80 ards (so that the ladies' stand might have full benefit of both the start and finish' Prize, the Metairie whip-gold mounted. The club to furnish the horses from the racers of the stables present, and these were to be assigned to riders according to weight. The first meeting of the five contestants, therefore, was the day we "scaled" at the club office with old Generals Westmore (the Admiral Rous of the Metairie) and Abe Buford, of Kentucky, to supervise the cere-mony. It was then found that I was the heaviest of the five by seven pounds (weighing 143), while Count Victor was a diminutive shadow, barely touching 112. I had to

train down at once. It was arranged that we were to have horses ready for us at the judges' stand every morning at sunrise—for track prac-tice, etc. My associates rode in and out, but I arose every morning at 3, and in fiannels and overcoat tramped, hard as I could, the seven miles from my quarters up on Pry-tanis street out to the Metaire course at the end of Canal. Then after an hour of brisk work in the saddle, tramped again back to town; took a couple of chops and a pot of ten at Moreau's; then went to the office for a rub down and the duties of the day. In one I'm hard up. Couldn't lend me \$25 for a week I had trained down just seven pounds and was in tip-top trim. In that week, too, "This I asked merely to test him, having I had learned a good deal about riding thorand was in tip-top trim. In that week, too, I had learned a good deal about riding thor-oughbreds, and that it was infinitely easier, handier, prettier work than what I had been doing for a couple of years previous—teach-ing two to five hours a day all the practices at the West Point School of Horsemanship and doing it on any and every kind of horse but a thoroughbred. After that experience I found riding these light, beautiful, springy creatures, no matter how they plunged or tried to "bolt," simply a delight.

DELIGHTFUL WORK. Of course I had watched many a year the jockey seat and jocky hand, and knew that there was reason for it all. For an instant —the first day I mounted (under the eyes of a crowd of club men eager to watch the performances of the great horses gathered there for the races and wildly curious to see how the "amateurs" would get along)—I re-member that the first thing I did was to slip the reins with my left hand—cavalry fashion—but while my "trainer" (the owner of the horse, but in no sense an instructor) was setting the stirrups under the instep—snything but cavalry fashion—and giving numerous orders to the stable boys hanging on to the head of my pawing, impatient steed, I slipped both hands forward down along the horse's neck, gave the reins a couple of "flips" around both wrists, so as to give plenty of friction against his hardest pull, and told the grooms to let go. In another minute we were off, a jockey from

THE SOUTH AS IT IS

the same stable racing alongside on a big chestnut gelding.

Three and four years previous, on my own beautiful "Tennessee," when, with the old light battery with which I served in New Orleans just after the war, I had been allowed to speed over that elastic track; but delightful as that was, it was tame work to this. I seemed simply skimming over the ground and whistling through the air at a rate I had never known before. It almost took my breath away—but it was delicious. Bessie Bramble Says Sectional Hatred is a Thing of the Past.

HOW WAR CRUSHES WOMEN.

The Vexations Servant Girl Problem Partly

Solved Below the Line. SOME STRIKING SOUTHERN OBITUARIES

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. IKEN, S. C., January 29. - To remove many of their erroneous impres sions and long-held prejudices, Northern men and women

need to come to the South. "If a man from the North will only keep his mouth shut, he can get along first rate in the South," is the general impression above Mason and Dixon's line. But if his prosperous getting along depends upon his keeping mum, it fol-

lows not only that the Northern man will not be there, but that he will abhor and despise a place that is under domination of any such gag law. However much Northern capital, energy and enterprise may be desired in the South, and however great may be the advantages of such location, they will be looked for in vain until opinions and sentiments pro and con can be as fully and peaceably and safely expressed and ex-changed as in the North. Whether the truth of this fact has been duly impressed or not we know not, but we do know that we have been in the South for over a month—in close communion with bona fide Southern people in a State that has been regarded as the hot bed of treason—the forcing house of the now defunct Confederacy, and we have not heard a bitter word, or an expression o sentiment in any way verging upon sectional hatred or implacable animosity. So if there is any keeping mum, it is as much enforced on the side of Southerners themselves as on the others.

There seems to be a mutual determination horseman commending the Count's style, to bury the hatchet completely out of sight and mind, to let bygones be bygones, to make the best of things as they are, and trust to fresh hopes and new enterprises for the future. Doubtless there are old sears that have a search the things. and anxious to learn its special points as viewed by him I asked his reasons.

"Why—he's so light. Never touches his horse's back. You would think he wasn't that bring up sad memories of days gone by —old wounds that recall the battle fields where the best blood of the South was freely poured out as a sacrifice to mistaken pa-triotism, and in defense of a principle as to States rights that has been effectually squelched for a century to come, and to preserve an institution that was a blot and disgrace to civilization, but the general feeling is to let the present dominate the

past, and to accept the promises and inspirations of the future Then came the announcement of the GLAD SLAVERY DAYS ARE OVER, "mounts"—the horses we were to ride—and then I made my bets. Both of them against No one here, even in South Carolina-the "head devil of the rebellion," as some one calls the beautiful Palmetto State—regrets the abolition of slavery. No one, so far as we can learn, would return to the old order Of course if riding could do it, I meant to win that race. There was every reason why I should. Pride in the fact that I was riding for America; pride in the fact that I was riding for the cavalry of my country; pride in being a winner, even. But when I looked on the horses and their of things before the emancipation proclama-tion was issued. Even those who in losing tacir slaves lost fortune, investment, in-come, everything, express their satisfaction at their release from the responsibility of slave-holding, and disclaim any desire for a restoration of the once held to be divised. records my hopes went down. All other things being even, Ross would land Ireland's green silk an easy winner, with the emblazoned arms of the horse of Crenneville a restoration of the once-held-to-be-divine institution, even if it were possible. Most a good second. I was willing to believe that if the rest of us were not "bunched" I could come in a fair third. The horses of them have hard words only for the fatu ous politicians, who were so brinded by their own conceit and vanity and contempt for the powers of the North, that they refused the offer of Abraham Lincoln of compensa-tion for the loss of slaves, and hooted at his To Ireland—The brown colt Nathan Oaks. To Austria-The chestnut colt Tom To the United States-The chestnut geld-To France—The bay filly Oleander.
I knew every one of them. Nathan Oaks was a glorious colt—capable of anything. I had watched him in his practice and had

without slavery. The war was a horrible blunder, a most shocking and tremendous tragedy whose most direful reand privation, death and desolation, broken hearts and blasted homes, gave token of the cruelty of the monster of iniquity called war. In the face of all the misery and woe, go in peace-to have bought every slave in the country at the highest rates—to have killed off the loud-mouthed braggarts whose voices were for war, and who led a peaceful people into the frightful experiences of a

truggle so destructive and deadly. HOW WAR CRUSHES WOMEN.

about as fast as it could be done -- and while he certainly could The Southern women are credited with keeping the South in a blaze-with backing up the men when they were ready to give up-with inspiring the brethren in the field to do and die in the last ditch, when they Rapidita and Oleander were both fleet and were anxious, in oil exchange parlance, to "lay down"—with shaming the laggards at home into service at the front—with such heroic sacrifice of self and material interests n behalf of their cherished and, to them sacred cause, as only the women of the North equaled, and no women in the world's history ever surpassed. But whether all at hand.

But I had agreed to ride Templar at the request of old Mr. Harrison, who owned him, and the Natchez stable. He was more of a "hurdler" than anything else—had never won a flat race such as we were to ride, was a notorious bolter, and only a day or the stories of the invincible courage and blind bitterness of the women of South are true or not, the remains that the hardships of fell on none more heavily. All, both North and South, can apply the moral that—leaving saide all other two before our race he pitched his powerful negro jockey over his head and dragged him points-women have no greater enemy to dread than war. Herbert Spencer somewhere says in substance that civilization and progress lead to monogamy, but war tends directly to polygamy and its attend-ant evils. If marriage is the highest, holi-est and most beneficent state of existence, then war is to both men and women the direst possible evil. In all this talk of war with Germany or with any other power, let women set themselves as rock against it. America can defend herself if need be, but let all such questions as Samoa be settled by arbitration. Let us have no such hot-headed idiocy as a foreign war. The whole empire of Germany, if made a con-quered province by American valor, would ot pay for it. The game would not be worth the powder.

A PROBLEM PARTLY SOLVED. But to turn from the national housekeeping to the individual social problem involved in the all perplexing and harassing servant question, it may be said that part of it has been solved here by force of circumstances, and it would appear to dispose of what to northern housekeepers would seem the impossible point to concede. The great objection made by independent girls to domestic service is that they cannot have their evenings. The incessant toil of facto-ry work, the long hours of standing and wear of nerves in stores and shops, the weary statch, stich, stitch of sewing for starvation wages in altitudinun garrets are smooth over the entire surface. A knile blade made no impression on the particles. There is no doubt as to its being a genuine stone, but it nevertheless possessed the flexibility of a piece of india rubber. When taken in the hand and shaken in the direction of its flat surface it would bend back and forth with a dull muffled sound. The all offset by their enjoyment of evenings to themselves. This privilege is not included in domestic service, since the kitchen toilers sleep in the house, and are under beck and call at all hours. This is not the case here

The domestic servants come in the morn ing and go home in the evening. This privilege they claim by virtue of the Emancipation Proclamation by President Lincoln. This is their idea of freedom. They have their little homes off in the oak woods it may be, or among the pines, or in the back may be, or among the pines, or in the back streets, and there they go to spend their nights as royally free from service, or the thralidom of toil, as Grover Cleveland in his sanctuary at "Red Top." Married women go out as cooks, or chambermaids, as do also married men. We saw a family cook the other day of the masculing persuasion rolling out pic crust masculine persuasion rolling out pie crust or dumpling dough, in a Prince Albert coat all buttoned down before over an expansive chest, and not a sign of an apron about him. The coachman, the stable boy, the man-of-all-work, the gardener, the cook, the

laundress, the dairy woman, the chamber-maid, the table girl, the nurse, all go home in the evening with their buckets of rations for the family at home. They are paid by the month—so much in money and supplies agreed upon. They come early in the morn-ing to their work, and so far as we can see, things work as smoothly and conveniently as under the old way, and even better, since there is a sort of luxury in the lack of since there is a sort of luxury in the lack of responsibility for the help, and a pleasure for the family in the privacy of having the house to themselves. This, to Northern people will, of course, seem undestrable and impossible for many reasons that may be cited, but in the South, where people have been forced to adapt themselves to the situation, it has become so much a regular institution that they would hardly be willing to change to the old-time method. We bechange to the old-time method. We be lieve that this plan could be followed in Northern households without any great de privation of comfort on the side of employers, and be at the same time the removal of one of the greatest detriments and draw-backs to domestic service on the part of the

employes. WHAT SURPRISES BESSIE.

In a new country, as South Carolina is to ns, all the points of difference between North and South are striking, and none North and South are striking, and none more attract the notice of a woman than those which concern women. In the daily papers it appears to be customary to print obituary notices of people on the anniversary of their death. In a late paper we observe that a mourning husband publishes a touching transcript of the virtues and amiable qualities of his beloved Maria, who has been dead just ayear. This is something so nouseal that it attracted our attention at unusual that it attracted our attention at once. On inquiry it came to light that this mourning husband had never discovered that "Maria" had any virtues or good qualities to such of while she was alive. She had so existed their home that he had enjoyed real solid comfort—he had revelled in description of the had tasted of joys that the sole with have envied, but he never realised it fill she was dead and buried. The solid was that the anniversary of fara tension found him still a mourning the searing a weeper. Such met acally seen to assuage their sorrow—to complicate the dear departed, to get out a second clima of bliss by hunting up a wife with eaough "spondulix" to wipe up any amount of tears and smooth out the wrinkles of the most profound grief. unusual that it attracted our attention at

wrinkles of the most profound grief. Another obituary of a noted woman was remarkable in that it did not mention devotion and self-sacrifice to home and family and practical piety as her highest virtues and noblest attributes, but rather presented her ciaims to personal beauty, cultivated in-tellect, to ardent support of the dead Con-federacy, and love for and attention to its survivors.

AS TO SOUTHERN OBITUARIES.

Nearly half a column is thus given to Mrs. Philocles E. Eve, who died last week in Augusta. Her claims to blue blood and ancient family were fully set forth. Her attention to her duties as Vice Regent of the Ladies' Mt. Vernon Association was largely dilated upon, as her crowning claim to fame. She and Miss Ann Pamela Cunningham were the original promoters of the scheme to hold the home of Washing-ton as a sacred shrine and as representing the State of Georgia, it was her great ambition to make the Georgia room as eleambition to make the Georgia room as elegant as any cared for by wealthier States. She was, it is further said, a graceful writer and an industrious collector of the gems of poetry and prose in a scrap book. Her devotion as a Southern sympathizer is largely dwelt upon, and her interest and support of every patriotic movement in the South was narpatriotic movement in the South was nar-rated with apparent pride. But all through there was none of the namby pamby con-ventional stuff about utter self sacrifice to home and friends—to charitable or church affairs—or Christian resignation. The obituary was evidently fitted to the woman, and not as such notices are usually arranged, applicable to any and all women, and that mean nothing save as a compliment of empty words. An example that we of the North might well follow in the interests of truth.

As the cold weather has come at the North more visitors are to be seen in the streets of Aiken. From Minnesota, Canada, New England, and the Middle States they come—leaving behind the icy winds and bitter blasts of Boreas to enter into the THE SWORD OF TRUTH. ethereal mildness, when "spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil." By the way, talking of mildness, a current of Arctic frigidity has found its way into the glad spring time that has been booming the gian spring time tanks and new potatoes that is strawberry patches and new potatoes that is strongly suggestive of Greenland's ley mountains. This shows that even the glorious Sunny South has occasional wrinkles in its roseleaves, and snatches of total deprayity in its weather.

BESSIE BRAMBLE.

MR. CAMPBELL'S AIR SHIP.

An English Naval Officer Negotiating for It-Paul Boyton Wants to Get It.

New York Sun. ? Last week Mr. Campbell received a long letter from Lieutenant G. P. Lempriere, R. N., of Birmingham, England, containing the terms of a most flattering proposition, which Mr. Campbell will probably accept if he does not soon hear of a more advanta-

geons home offer. In his letter Lieutenant Lempriere speaks of the feasibility of crossing the Atlantic in an air-ship constructed after the pattern of Mr. Campbell's ship. "I don't think there would be the least danger if my plans are carried out," he writes. "I should want a balloon about four times as large as the one you have, and the car, of course, would be correspondingly large. For ballast I would use nothing but what was absolutely necesuse nothing but what was absolutely neces-sary to carry—food, clothing, drinkables, drag-rope, and safety raft. The drag-rope would be indispensable, inasmuch as it would keep the ship at a certain altitude, say about 1,200 feet. The end of the rope, dragging in the water, would serve as a traction, preventing a higher ascension. The cost of such an undertaking would be not far from £15,000. I have made a scientific study of aerial navigation, and am al-most positive the venture would prove successful. It would certainly not result in a loss of life if due carefulness was observed.
Prof. Allen, who operated the ship at the

trial ascension, was perfectly convinced of its navigable qualities. He is perhaps one of the best aeronauts in the country, and at one time was associated with the engineers in Emperor Dom Pedro's army during its engagements with Paraguayan forces, in which he achieved both fame and for-

of a cowardly or lazy peace stain the armor of a cowardly or lazy peace stain the armor of God. No peace with drunkenness; no peace with sensuality—"first pure, then peaceable;" no peace with falsehood and Captain Paul Boyton, who knows a good peaceable;" no peace with falsehood and fraud, with malice and slander; no peace thing when he sees it, is endeavoring to in-terest Mr. Campbell in partnership, but thus for they have not agreed to terms. In the spring, it Mr. Campbell does not leave for England before that time, a trip will be made to Philadelphia in the air ship after which it will be placed on exhibition in the principal cities throughout the coun



Mr. James-I'll stay out dis hitch. (Kick igorously right and left.) Mr. Howells-So'll I. Mr. Biglein-I don' see nuffin' in my han'

wut'rastlin' wiv.

Mr. French (with his back to the glass)—
'Peahs ter me yo' gonnlemen's bery timid ter git scart off on a pah ob juices.—Judge.

love.

Concerning this true peace St. Paul says keep it, "as much as lieth in you." That does not mean live peaceably as far as your

THE PRICE OF PEACE.

Rev. George Hodges Speaks of the Necessity and Difficulty of

LIVING PEACEABLY AND PIOUSLY.

Truth Must Not be Sacrificed to a False Idea of Amiability.

THE ARMOR OF THE CHRISTIAN KNIGHT

He had been setting down a series of short

question in front of it. "If it be possible,"

bility of fulfilling that duty?

he says, "and as much as lieth in you-live

PEACE NOT ALWAYS POSSIBLE.

are times when peace is only a respectable name for cowardice. Indeed, there have

been times, and there always will be, when

between truth and peace, then for no good man can it be possible to choose peace. St. Paul did well to say, "If it be pos-

sible." He knew what that meant. In his

life it was not possible. He might have dwelt amiably with his fellow-men-but at

the price of silence. He did not live peace-ably with all men. Wherever he went men

were divided one against another; there

were tumults in the synagogues, and riots

There he was at Thessalonica. Why

could he not have held his pence, and

looked on quietly, while those fortune-tellers deluded the credulous people and "made much gain?" They were not deluding

THE SWORD OF TRUTH.

ter's, how He said, "Think not that I am

come to send peace on the earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword." Peace He did

send—the peace which "passeth understand-ing," a peace which is every day realizing

more and more in this wrangling world the benediction of the Christian angels. But

peace He distinctly forbade, too, the peace

with sin, which puts an amiable ease in the room of duty. For all which hinders men from serving God, Christ had a sword. It is true that one of the beatitudes is

"Blessed are the peacemakers," but we must not forget that the last beatitude of all is, "Blessed are the peacebreakers." Do you remember that? "Blessed are ye when

men shall revile you, and persecute you,

and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for thy sake." That is a significant

benediction upon those who have not found it possible to leave their fellowmen in sin-

willing to pay the price. The devil has it for sale. The martyrs of old time might

have bought it with one word. Reformers the world over might have made even a

cheaper bargain, might have purchased peace by not saying even one word—by saying nothing. Under every shape, the price of peace is truth. You have to hand over truth to the devil before you can buy peace with all men. No wonder St. Paul stopped and wrote "if it be possible" before he exhapted us to live peaceably, not even eaving

horted us to live peaceably; not even saying

"live as peaceably as possible," but ques-tioning the whole matter of peaceable liv-

THE ABMOR OF GOD.

girdle of truth, the breastplate of righteousness, the sandals of the gospel of peace, the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, the sword of the Spirit—the whole stout armor of God. And then, what? Then sit very

quietly and serenely down, keep peace, and aminbly watch the hosts of evil pillage the town in which you live! Is that it? No, stand up and fight against the world, the flesh, and the devil, in you and in all men. So long as falsehood, or uncleanness, or injustice, or

oppression, or blasphemy, or wrong of any kind is in the world, we have no right to

live peaceably with all men, to let the rust

with corruption in high places, or with brutality in low places; no peace with false oath, or with the deceival balance; no peace

with any enemy of God.

One-half of the sin of the world exists be

cause men insist upon living peaceably with all men. The other half of the sin of the

world exists because men refuse to live

peaceably with all men.

That is, if in all men's minds-in the

mads of all good men—truth were more precious than peace, so that we would be willing to make many sacrifices of our own comfort in active and earnest and united

endeavors to put down sin, no matter how many enemies we might make by it, who

can doubt but that the world's wickedness would speedily grow less? And if, on the

other hand, peace were more precious to us than selt, so that wherever truth and prin-

ciple were not involved, but only such lower

considerations as personal reputation and pride, we would enter into no quarrels, who

cannot see how much misery would slink away out of human life, and how much

A FALSE PEACE.

ought to be broken—a false peace, the enemy of sacred truth; there is also a true peace, which blessed are they who make and keep—a true peace, the friend of holy

For while there is a talse peace which

appiness would come gladly in.

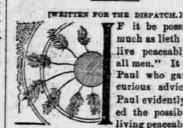
"Put on the whole armor of God"-the

ing-"if it be possible."

Peace is always possible to those who are

which surrenders truth, which compro

And you remember a sentence of the Mas-



F it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men." It was St. Paul who gave that curious advice. St. Paul evidently doubted the possibility of living peaceably with

> would be cleared away. TAKES TWO TO QUARREL.

making of the right sort.

imperative sentences: "Be not wise in We are very wise and philosophical specyour own conceits. Recompense to no man tators. But, somehow, when we are no longer witnesses but actors, we lose that judicial serenity. We go into our own private fights with our eyes shut. It is the white against the black, in our case. We evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men." Thus far there is no question. The sermon goes straight on. But just here there is a break. The preacher stops. He has it in his mind to are right and the other is wrong, and the fewer words about it the better. If you are add another of these clear, sharp sentences. He has it upon his lips to say, "Live peaceably with all men." But wait! Can in the middle of any misunderstanding, stor and look at yourself, that is what St. Paul says.
"As much as lieth in — you;" are you rehe say just that? No; he must modify that a little. And so he puts an "if" and a

membering that? If you think that you are wholly right. you are almost certainly deceiving yourself.
You have given offense, perhaps, without
knowing it, or you have taken offense, where
none was intended. Something is the matter with you, be sure of that; take St. Paul's advice.

Now, why was that? Why not come out plainly and without any "if," and without any compromise or condition, torbid us to break the peace? Why say "if it be possible," and "as much as lieth in you?" Is there any question concerning the data of Here is another rule: "Recompense to no man, evil for evil." That takes it quite for there any question concerning the duty of peaceable living? or concerning the possigranted that evil has been done you. So far you are in the right about it. You have been maliciously injured. There is no doubt of that. Now what will you do? Yes, there is. There are times when peaceable living and Christian living cannot possibly be made to go together. There are times when peace is only a respectable make the quarrel, if you count as number two. You are to blame.

Peace rests now with you. The blow has seen struck. Peace has been assaulted. It depends upon you whether or not peace shall be thrown down and trampled on.

been times, and there always will be, when to live peaceably with all men must be both cowardly and shameful and simiul.

Blessed be peace, and well paid the sacrifices which secure and keep peace! But there is a higher duty than that which we owe to peace—a duty higher, may we not say, than is owed to faith or even to sacred charity?—our absolute duty to truth. It it be an alternative, as it often has been, between truth and peace, then for no cood The whole thing has been written out, within the past few months, in great red letters, in a Southern State. I mean that barbard vendetta, that blood-feud be-tween families, which got so fieree as to need a company of soldiers. One man did this, and the other retaliated with that; and then the first answered more emphatically, and the second shot him; and the brother of the first shot him, and so on and on, back and forth, and worse and worse. The only remedy is for one side to stop. We can all see that.

IF IT BE POSSIBLE.

Read Tolstoi's story: "If you light the fire, you don't put it out." It is the same thing over again—a word here, and blow there, and both returned with generous interest, and misery for both sides at the end The only remedy is for one to stop at the beginning. We can all see that very distinctly—when it is somebody else's quarrell

him; they were not getting any dollars out of his pocketbook. What concern was it of his? And, anyway, must be not live peace-ably with all men? No; he must interfere. The divine truth impels him. And then the But what a difficult duty! No wonder St. Paul said, "If it be possible." Not to return evil for evil goes straight in the face of human nature itself. "Thou shalt hate thine enemy," is one of the commandments of the race. When Christ came, proclaiming a different commandment, everyholy was amend. To The divine truth impels him. And then the mob rises up against him, the town is full of noise and violence, the magistrates rend their garments, and the apostle is beaten with many stripes and thrust into the most uncomfortable dungeon of the town jail, and his feet made fast in the stocks. And body was amazed. To return slight with slight, coldness with coldness, criticism with criticism, angry word with angry word, to recompense evil -how grievously natural! But when St. Paul said, "You," he meant Christians. Because you are Christians, he says, there-fore, so far as you are concerned—and let it be a mark among men of the followers of Christ-so far as you are concerned, do

this: Live peaceably with all men.

The publicans and sinners, our Lord said, love those who love them; that is human nature. But "you" who follow Me must do more than that; you must love those who hate you; that is against human nature. It is well for us to remember that every social misunderstanding, every neigh-borhood quarrel, every slight or slander or unkind and unjust word or act, every temptation to break peace, tests a Christian's loyalty to Christ. GEORGE HODGES

A STRANGE DREAM.

Eight Hundred Soldiers See the Same Vislon-A Singular Fact.

It is a most singular fact that under certain combined condition of fatigue, discomfort and malaria whole bodies of men-such as companies of soldiers—have been seized by the same terrific dream, and have awakened simultaneously shricking with terror. Such an instance is related by Lanrent, when, after a forced march, 800 French soldiers were packed in a ruined Calabrian monastery which could ill accommodate half that number. At midnight frightful cries issued from every corner of the building as rightened men rushed from it, each declaring that it was the abode of the evil one—that they had seen him in the form of a big black dog, who threw himself upon their breasts for an instant and then disappeared. The men were persuaded to return to the same shelter on the next night, their officers promising to keep watch beside officers promising to keep watch beside them. Shortly after midnight the same scene was re-enacted—the same cries, the same flight, as the soldiers rushed forth in a body to escape the suffocating embrace of the black dog. The wakeful officers had seen nothing. seen nothing.

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Efficacy

of this preparation."—Mrs. P. H. David-son, Alexandria, La. "I was afflicted some three years with scalp disease. My hair was falling out and what remained turned gray. I was induced to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and in a few weeks the disease in my scalp disappeared and my hair resumed its original color."—(Rev.) S. S. Sims, Pastor U. B. Church, St. Bernice, Ind. "A few years ago I suffered the entire

"A few years ago I suffered the entire loss of my hair from the effects of tetter. I hoped that after a time nature would repair the loss, but I waited in vain. Many remedies were suggested, none, however, with such proof of merit as Ayer's Hair Vigor, and I began to use it. The result was all I could have desired. A growth of hair soon came out all over my head, and grew to be as soft and heavy as I ever had, and of a natural color. and firmly set."—J. H. Pratt, Spofford, Texas.

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